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THE POETRY OF RELIGION,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

✓
REV. CHARLES BURROUGHS, D. D.

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Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but *chief*
Thee Sion, and the flowery banks beneath
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit.

Paradise Lost, Book III.

THE POETRY OF RELIGION.

THOU, who didst touch Isaiah's lips with fire,
And wake to ecstasy his hallowed lyre ;
Who aidest all that nobly serve the cause
Of truth and learning, and of virtue's laws ;
Assist thy servant ably to rehearse,
With humble spirit in attempted verse,
The charms which Poesy has richly twined
Around thy revelation to mankind.
Grant that my strains with sweetest grace may flow,
Religion's union with the Muse to show ;
An union, which with grateful hearts we sing,
Since thence our purest, brightest raptures spring.

Come rove with me my friends o'er Christian ground,
Where choicest plants of Poesy abound.

For plants more exquisite than nature yields,
 Profusely garnish Inspiration's fields.
 Come now, and let us weave with care and skill
 A wreath of flowrets, culled from Sion's hill ;
 That we may love celestial truths the more,
 And God for all their poetry adore ;
 That we may here present an offering meet
 To lay with reverence at our Saviour's feet.

But what is Poesy ? For, if it hath
 The closest union with our blessed faith,
 With powers and attributes it ought to shine,
 Worth an alliance with the word divine.
 It should possess a spirit that can soar
 To boundless heights, and unknown worlds explore ;
 A rainbow colored vesture it should wear ;
 With countless gems of splendor it should glare ;
 With Gabriel's lightning swiftness it should move,
 Be wise as cherubs, and, like seraphs, love.
 Then would it nobly our religion bless,
 And o'er its charms throw brighter loveliness.

What then is Poesy ? Who can reveal
 That art's great mysteries, which the coldest feel ;
 That which has led the poets to define,
 By methods numberless their art divine ;
 Which makes it seem as if none could devise
 The mystic sources of their witcheries ?
 The Bard's sweet art does not in fiction lie,
 For truth has oft the highest poetry :
 Nor in his powers to please : for these, though strong,
 To sculpture, painting, eloquence belong.
 Something it is more rich, more sweet, more grand,
 Which all can feel, but few can understand.
 All feel it, as o'er Shakspeare's page they bend,
 Or hours of bliss o'er Milton's visions spend.
 It is the art divine which converse holds
 With the imagination, and unfolds
 The world of the ideal : and it paints
 The features of the seraphim and saints ;
 All that is beautiful, and grand and bright,
 And makes all Nature glorious to the sight.
 It graces truth with loveliness divine,
 And breathes deep feeling over every line.

Around the heart it winds soft links of love,
 To guide its passions, and its virtues prove.
 Its 'frenzied eye,' by inspiration given,
 'Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.'
 It throws new colors o'er all robes of light,
 And speeds the swiftness of an angel's flight.
 It helps the soul to see, when vision fails,
 And breathes o'er bliss still more propitious gales.
 To greatness and to goodness it aspires,
 And bends all nature to the mind's desires.
 It says, the Universe, the boundless whole
 Is naught, compared with the immortal soul.
 Its aims are noble, generous, pure, refined,
 And with the highest virtues are combined.
 O'er Nature's works it sweeter graces throws ;
 It paints the lily and perfumes the rose.
 O'er human life it brighter radiance spreads,
 And on the seraphim fresh glory sheds.
 It climbs, unscared, the empyreal throne to bless
 'The equipage of God's almightiness ;'
 To hold o'er truth imagination's flame
 Forms the inspired poet's noblest aim.

He seeks its various beauties to descry,
 And make them lovely to the mental eye.
 All glowing scenes our *reasoning powers* must *praise*,
 But fancy's lamp gives all the coloring rays.
 It clothes material worlds, like heaven above,
 With spiritual splendor, life, and love ;
 It wakes to action all the mind's dread powers,
 To give to God and truth life's precious hours.
 The bard's great office, then, is proved to be
 To elevate and bless humanity.

Ask you again, what Poesy can be ?
 Poets themselves reveal the mystery.
 Mark what the spirit is, which, from their lines,
 Kindles your passions, and your taste refines.
 Employ your subtle powers to analyze
 What makes you feel more happy and more wise,
 Then safely may you poesy define
 The lamp of fancy, gilding truths divine ;
 Truths, told in numbers soft, melodious, clear,
 Breathing seraphic music on the ear.

All must confess such Poesy to be
A handmaid, fit for Christianity.

Pass we from her exalted aim, to sing
The various *raptures* which her musings bring
To erring mortals in this world of strife,
While passing through the pilgrimage of life.
Without her holy light, her powerful arm,
All would be sadness, darkness, and alarm ;
All would be desolation like the earth,
Ere the great fiat gave the sun its birth.
Fair Poesy became the elder born
Of all the effulgent rays of Wisdom's dawn.
She to creation gave, t' enchant our sight,
A myriad colored robe of gorgeous light.
She came to Eden, when the moulded clay
First felt the fountain of man's life-blood play ;
Throughout that fountain kindly did diffuse
Delicious nectar, such as seraphs use,
And twined a chaplet round our first sire's brow,
Beaming with lustre, like God's heavenly bow.

These formed the attributes of fancy, given
 As a most precious legacy from Heaven.
 These formed her, Poesy's beloved child,
 With power supreme, to make of every wild
 A blooming field, of every tear a gem,
 Of sharpest thorns a glorious diadem.

So when Pandora's fated spouse unlocks
 The fabled present, the mysterious box ;
 And forth rushed out the ills, that vex mankind,
 The angel Hope, in mercy, staid behind,
 To lighten toil, all sorrows to assuage,
 And pour its radiance o'er each realm and age.
 That hope was fancy's bright, prismatic bow,
 Which gilds with splendor every scene of woe.

Who now the bliss of Poetry can paint,
 Which kindly cheers each sinner and each saint ?
 A bliss to man, above all praise or price,
 Compensating his loss of Paradise :
 For poetry transmutes the curse, once hurled,
 To blast the fairness of our fallen world ;

She blunts the thorns ; charms o'er the thistle throws ;
 And wipes the moisture from each laborer's brows ;
 She sits, an angel, on the bosom's throne,
 And makes the revelry of heaven our own ;
 She loves her generous bounties to impart,
 And asks no labor, but a cheerful heart.
 When men, o'ertasked, their duties painful find,
 She comes in mercy to unbend the mind.
 When, midst his pastimes, man exulting sings,
 More widely she expands his fancy's wings.
 The feelings and affections of our race
 She seeks to deck with every lovely grace.
 Enchanting Hope with swifter pinions flies,
 And Love drinks ecstacy, that never dies.
 The landscape with more radiant beauty teems,
 And ocean's breast with brighter glory gleams.
 The stars, that glitter in the azure sky,
 All bound with life and love and minstrelsy.

As when the curious traveller has past,
 Through countless chambers of some cavern vast,

And by the torch-light's feeble rays has scanned
 Myriads of wondrous forms, grotesque and grand,
 As if some giants had that cave long known,
 And carved their visions on each sable stone ;
 And when this traveller, wending back his way,
 Seeks the bright landscape of meridian day ;
 And, at the cavern's mouth, before him lie
 The heavens and earth in gorgeous livery ;
 He feels as if, from death's domains, he trod
 The sapphire pavement of the throne of God ;
 Such ecstasy the earth-bound spirit feels,
 When poesy its radiant scenes reveals.

She grasps within her boundless range sublime,
 The past, the present, and the future time.
 Transcendent scenes her magic pencil draws,
 Surpassing all the skill of painting's laws.
 Aladdin's lamp she carries in her hand ;
 Gardens and temples rise at her command.
 She builds, and changes, as her fancy wills,
 And all the air with goodly castles fills.

She guides the chisel, and she carves the stone,
 And all the mightiest sculptors are outdone ;
 Forth from her lofty genius then is hurled
 A faultless model to enchant the world.
 Most wondrous statues her bright soul conceives ;
 Apollo Belvideres she achieves ;
 O'er fields of poesy she flies, like wind ;
 And Epics sparkle from her fertile mind ;
 Whate'er the soul desires, or thinks, or feels,
 The Muse creates, refines, completes, reveals ;
 Brings heaven and earth the human soul to bless,
 And every treasury of joy possess.

Pure Poesy with her celestial fires
 True magnanimity of soul inspires.
 She leads the spirit by a holy force
 To seek morality's ennobling course ;
 And e'en her labors, poets will aver,
 On all her votaries vast rewards confer.
 Stersichorus the Greek, such odes once made,
 That cruel Phalaris his vengeance stayed ;

Desponding Spartans could avenge their wrongs,
 When the air echoed with Tyrtean songs.
 The bold Athenians all acknowledged this,
 That Solon's strains re-conquered Salamis.
 The fall of Greece no mortal could forebode
 While Grecians sang Callistratus's ode.
 Hence when great Plato from his fancied state
 Expelled each child of song, without debate,
 He stood, condemned by every lofty mind,
 As wrong in judgment, and in heart unkind.

Oft will the Muse a sweet enchantress prove,
 To wake for all that's beautiful our love.
 She seeks those soft and mystic wreaths to glean,
 Which float o'er every sentiment and scene.
 She gives them form, and feature, place and name,
 And gilds them with imagination's flame.
 She shows with powers, most rapturous and grand,
 'The light that never was on sea or land,'
 The light, which flashes from the poet's eye,
 And throws new brightness o'er the earth and sky;

The poet's vision and the poet's dream,
That ever with unearthly glories beam.
Sweet Poesy with most enchanting skill
Binds all the powers of language to her will.
She takes it, as a seraph's golden lyre,
And wakes bold music, like a heavenly choir.
She holds it, as a mirror to the sight,
Reflecting countless images most bright ;
She tunes it to the most melodious strains,
And o'er the soul ecstatic pleasure reigns.

Hence Poesy all other arts transcends,
And yet to all, her generous favors lends.
Hence this enchantress, with her heavenly mien,
Of all humanity's delights is queen.
This was the herald angel, wise and kind,
That brought all science to the human mind.
Dearer than all things of her blessed art,
She taught the science of the human heart ;
All that of wisdom, or of love we name,
From her exhaustless, sparkling fountain came.

Where'er on earth our heaven-born spirits move,
 She clings around them with the warmest love.
 When death shall waft them to the King of Kings,
 The Muse shall bear them on her odorous wings.
 If such be Poesy, she doubtless hath
 A close alliance with our holy faith ;
 And all her powers should zealously bestow
 To grace the greatest gift, which mortals know.

If then the fancy longs for heavenly flights,
 And Poesy be mother of delights ;
 If our Religion fancy's aid would use,
 And furnish countless topics for the Muse ;
 If, with her glorious truths of light and love,
 She makes man blissful, as the saints above ;
 Then Christian faith and Poesy must be
 Bound in eternal chains of unity.
 The Muse may well be termed Religion's bride ;
 Religion, fancy's faithful spouse and guide.

But Christianity, some critics say,
 Is no fit subject for the Poet's lay ;

Its lofty truths transcend the Muse's skill,
 And fancy's powers but poisonous dews distil ;
 All, that is grand, she sadly will debase,
 All, that is beautiful, she will deface ;
 All, that is holy, she will make unclean ;
 All, that is reverend, she will demean.
 This false opinion many seek to show,
 On Sion's hill Parnassian flowers ne'er grow.
 They argue, that our faith's dread mysteries
 The Muse's vivid coloring must despise.

The mighty master, who has blessed mankind
 With Rasselas, a poem most refined,
 Asserts that ne'er to Christian truths belong
 The flowers of fiction, or the grace of song ;
 And holds the pure devotions of a saint,
 As brighter joys than Poetry can paint.
 All this is sophistry ; God's truths, revealed,
 Provide the poets their sublimest field.
 Most widely Poesy expands her wings,
 Most loftily she soars, whene'er she sings
 The mysteries of the Holy Volume, given
 To teach frail man the minstrelsy of heaven.

Long ere the fabled age of Greece began,
 The Word Divine brought Poesy to man.
 From eldest time did seers and priests rehearse
 Their holy doctrines in immortal verse ;
 For Poesy's first office and design
 Were to subserve the cause of truths divine.
 Hence, as the bard has said, ' the sacred name
 Of prophet and of poet was the same.'
 The one could search the future's dark abyss,
 The other form new worlds of endless bliss.
 The Muse a strangeness feels, when doomed to roam
 O'er themes not sacred, not her lawful home ;
 Chilled are her spirits then ; her wings are tired ;
 On holy topics she is rapt, inspired,
 Burns with seraphic wisdom, fire and love,
 And soars untiring to the realms above.
 From those bright mansions she did erst descend
 To serve the Church, and at her altar bend,
 To fill God's temple with her gorgeous light,
 And open heaven on man's enchanted sight.

When first from his eternal throne on high
 Jehovah breathed Religion's mystery,

He clothed the treasure with a brilliant dress,
 To make more exquisite its loveliness.
 Its drapery was the Muse's jewelled vest,
 A heavenly robe, the brightest and the best.
 So, when at Patmos, Christ was seen, he shone
 Bright, like a jasper and a sardine stone ;
 Around his form a rainbow's hues were spread,
 And, like an emerald, dazzling splendors shed.
 Splendors, like those, enrobe his sacred will,
 Mankind with reverence and delight to fill.

Throughout the rolls of Inspiration look,
 Observe the forms of each poetic book ;
 Styles of the lyric and didactic kind
 Are with descriptive and dramatic joined.
 These shine with wondrous energy of thought,
 And richly with the charms of taste are fraught,
 Surpassing those of classic Rome and Greece
 Amidst their palmy days of arts and peace.
 Nothing can claim our more profound regard,
 Than those productions of the Hebrew bard ;
 Sublime and beautiful the Bible stands
 The deathless structure of immortal hands.

Bold was the song, when Moses shouted high
 O'er Pharaoh's host his glorious victory.
 Soft was the music of that well strung lyre,
 Which the sweet Psalmist struck with seraph's fire.
 Some heavenly minstrel tuned Job's harp of gold,
 Whose thrilling notes Jehovah's grandeur told.
 The boldest flights of fancy there are found,
 And thoughts, the most poetical, abound,
 Which language has expressed or mind conceived ;
 Job is the grandest poem, e'er achieved.
 Wise Solomon, in allegoric lays,
 Chanted the Church's brilliant bridal days.
 With wildest ecstasy Isaiah flings
 His heaven-touched fingers o'er his harp's bold
 strings.
 He holds, subjected to his conquering hands,
 The powers, most glorious, which the Muse com-
 mands.
 Each Jewish tribe sits awe-struck at his tones,
 Which shook with terror monarchs and their thrones ;
 Yet soft, seraphic was that Prophet's strain,
 When his rapt spirit sang the Saviour's reign.

No funeral dirge was e'er so sad or grand,
 As Jeremy's o'er Zion's ruined land.
 The holy mourner seems incarnate woe ;
 For groans and anguish through his verses flow.
 Each letter did he write with tears, 'tis said ;
 Each word resounded like a heart that bled.
 Prostrate in sackcloth, see the mourner write,
 With all the temple's ruins in his sight.
 Ezekiel is the terribly sublime ;
 His visions stretch o'er boundless space and time.
 Swift, as the Spirit's wheels, he bounds along ;
 He paints God's temple in his wondrous song ;
 And on those wheels he rolls the chosen race
 To Sion's hill, Jehovah's resting place.

Apart from verse, within the Scriptures lie
 Exhaustless themes of sacred Poesy.
 Imagination's richest colors shine
 O'er all the scenery of the Book Divine.
 We feel at home in Palestine's bright land ;
 Its hills, vales, streams, and lakes before us stand.

Its olive, fig, pine, oak, and cedar trees
 All seem to bend before each freshening breeze.
 Its rich and lovely landscapes we survey,
 As all seems gilded by the orb of day.
 We sail with joy o'er Galilee's blue lake ;
 Our burning thirst at Siloam's fount we slake ;
 Judea's prospects are our own, we find,
 For Poesy has stamped them on the mind.
 Mount Zion seems our favored place of prayer ;
 With all the Jewish tribes we worship there.

Fair Poesy its richest hue affords
 For all *events*, which sacred truth records.
 It broods o'er chaos' wild and wondrous state,
 Ere first God's fiat did the earth create ;
 And with its pencil beautifully draws
 The change of chaos into order's laws.
 Matter's rude, strange, and undigested mass,
 Is shown to perfect symmetry to pass.
 It opens to the fancy's vivid powers
 A boundless theme for all its passing hours.

Genius might here its noble wings expand,
 And topics find exhaustless, rich, and grand.
 Like the eternal Spirit it can brood
 Over that formless void and sable flood ;
 And, with the magic powers, that in her lie,
 Array dark chaos with bright drapery.

When man from moulded clay first oped his eyes
 Upon the splendors of his Paradise,
 And gazed enraptured, with a seraph's look,
 On every creature, prospect, flower, and brook ;
 And saw the tree denied, and life's grand tree,
 And woman smiling in her witchery,
 With grace of form and majesty of mien,
 The gem of Eden's bowers, and Nature's queen,
 The image of some seraph in the skies,
 God's living poem, made for Paradise ;
 Then Poesy was there, and poured forth light,
 Ineffably, with hues and beauties, bright.

When Paradise was lost, and man's sad fall,
 Blasting his home, his peace, his crown, his all,

Drove him from Eden's bowers with keen distress,
 To suffer in a thorny wilderness ;
 Then did the angel Poesy appear
 To guide his footsteps and his spirits cheer.
 Her magic mantle round the earth she throws,
 And all the desert blossoms as the rose ;
 A sweet enchantment soothes the outcast pair,
 Adorns the scenery and perfumes the air ;
 Makes labor sweet, invigorates their frames ;
 Inspires their hopes, and elevates their aims.

Mark a still brighter proof, how well agree
 Our holy Faith and gracious Poesy.
 What tidings ever reached our sinful earth,
 More grand than those, which told a Saviour's birth,
 When white-robed seraphs left their heavenly quires
 To ravish mortals with their golden lyres ;
 When the blessed Virgin pressed the infant Child,
 That o'er our ruined world in mercy smiled ;
 Who came his Father's purpose to fulfil,
 And bring to earth sweet peace, to men good will ?

Events, most striking, mark this radiant scene ;
 The angels' song ; famed Bethlehem's pastures
 green ;
 The rich effulgence, which the landscape cheers ;
 The mother's hopes ; the faithful shepherd's fears ;
 The humble stall ; the solemn hour ; the scheme
 Stupendous, which should man redeem ;
 These scenes, surpassing fable, all diffuse
 Transcendent splendors o'er the sacred Muse.

Midst fairest flowers, which inspiration grace,
 Its touching, high-wrought *narratives* we place.
 They wake new wonder at the Muse's art,
 And thrills of transport send through every heart.

See Jacob's favorite son, through life's career,
 Midst snares, endeavoring virtue's course to steer.
 Imagination fondly loves to dwell
 On all the chances, which his youth befel ;
 And give him from the wardrobe of the Muse
 A many-colored robe of brightest hues,

To wake not envy, but a zealous love
 To follow truth, which fancy's charms improve.

Mark the poetic beauties shed o'er Ruth,
 A weeping widow in the bloom of youth.
 Naomi's son that pagan girl had wed ;
 Her soul, sin-darkened, to her God he led.
 Now Naomi o'er Judah's fields would roam,
 And send her daughters to their kindred's home.
 Mark the fine feelings, which fair Ruth now guide,
 And all her future destiny decide.
 Parents and country she resolves to leave,
 And closely to her husband's mother cleave.
 Love, the most ardent, warmed her widowed heart,
 Ne'er from her mourn'd one's parent would she part.
 ' Urge me no more,' most touchingly she said,
 ' Back to dark Moab's scenes, my path to tread.
 Where'er *thou* goest *I* will go ; and *where*
Thou hast thy lodging, *mine* shall sure be there ;
 My soul in burning love with thine shall join,
 And naught but death shall part my soul from *thine*.

Where'er *thou* diest, *I* will also die ;
 Where *thy remains* shall rest, there *mine* shall lie.'
 Successful was her plea. In Bethlehem's fields
 She gleans the full ears, which the harvest yields.
 The generous Boaz begs her there to stay,
 Her rich repast to gather there, each day ;
 And orders liberal handfuls to be thrown,
 That she may make the scattered sheaves her own.
 Then are disclosed her kindred, and her name ;
 And gentle Ruth his lovely bride became.

Look at Hadassah, the adopted child
 Of Mordecai, a spirit brave, though mild ;
 Both, Jewish slaves, in Persia's splendid realm,
 Where countless trials Judah's race o'erwhelm.
 Her grace and beauty clothe her with renown ;
 Her brows are honored with the Persian crown.
 She brings the haughty Haman to his fate ;
 Makes Mordecai prime minister of state ;
 Rescues the Jews from Haman's stern decrees,
 And turns his lightnings on her enemies ;

Making a splendid poem and romance
Of Esther, and the Jews' deliverance.

The splendors mark, which Poesy has shed
On all the *mysteries* o'er the Scriptures spread.
She builds on facts, as her eternal base,
But clothes her structures with the minstrel's grace.
Mysterious doctrines we may comprehend ;
Their simple truths may not our powers transcend ;
And yet those mysteries lofty thoughts may wake,
Which o'er the universe their range may take.
Most clearly does the sacred page record
The dazzling features of our Sovereign Lord ;
Each attribute is named ; the whole, combined,
Swell with a boundless vastness o'er the mind.
Struck by imagination's magic rod
The soul expands and sees the Scripture's God.
So Moses' rod, when people died from thirst,
Struck the hard rock, and forth the waters burst ;
The soul is rock, till fancy strikes the blow,
Then countless visions from its fountains flow.

Read what the Prophets with inspired strain
 Have told, respecting the Messiah's reign ;
 Its halcyon era, and its visions bright ;
 O'er earth redeemed dispensing glorious light.
 Read rapt Isaiah's glowing, burning page,
 Whose words mellifluous paint the golden age.
 Who reads such scenes, and does not feel within
 Complete translation from this world of sin ;
 And find a palace, where all glories shine,
 Built and adorned by Poesy divine ?

Another mystery the Scriptures tell.
 There is a happy land where spirits dwell ;
 Where seraphs, cherubs, and angelic choirs
 Wake loud hosannas on their golden lyres ;
 Who, on a mystic ladder from the skies,
 Descend to earth, and then to heaven arise ;
 Mix with the world, as ministers of love,
 To make men blissful, as the saints above.
 The sacred Muse admires the Spirit-land ;
 She loves her rainbow pinions to expand,

To talk with seraphs and to feel their power
In every painful, every blissful hour.

One other mystery we must recount,
The splendors of God's holy, heavenly mount ;
His sapphire throne on high ; His diadem,
Effulgent with the hues of every gem ;
His ministering hosts, a shining band,
That round his throne in countless circles stand ;
Their robes, their office, their ecstatic joy,
Light without clouds, and peace without alloy ;
Their ever fresh desires for holy truth ;
Their growing beauty and immortal youth ;
The homes, the scenes, the raptures of the saints,
And all the bliss which inspiration paints ;
These themes are glorious Poesy for man,
Who thus the charms of Paradise can scan ;
Can find new worlds for fancy to explore,
And loftier heavens, to which the soul can soar.
Thus to the Bard sublimest views are given
Of all the brightest images of heaven.

But truth divine, so sacredly allied
 To Poesy, her most enchanting bride,
 Sends forth that bride with the commission kind,
 To spread her radiant robe o'er every mind ;
 And gives strict orders to the sacred Muse
 O'er human works her blessings to diffuse.
 Hence faith the Muse's precious gifts employs
 To bless the arts with most transcendent joys.

Music is true enchantment to the soul,
 And holds the passions in its strong control,
 Nobly exciting all our lofty powers,
 And sweetly solacing our troubled hours.
 When sacred Poesy adorns the theme,
 With what new transport strains of music teem.
 What richer joys from symphonies are known,
 When faith reveals the minstrels round God's throne,
 Who fill heaven's vaults with their celestial airs,
 And tune our harp-strings to resemble theirs.
 Sublime devotion warmed great Handel's soul,
 When nobly from life's brilliant scenes he stole

To Heaven most humbly to present his prayers ;
 Then task his genius for immortal airs.
 He wrote, as if the seraphs from the sky
 Came down to help him in his minstrelsy ;
 Hence, as was said, he ravished every ear,
 ‘ And listening angels leaned from heaven to hear.’
 So the great Haydn from Castalia’s streams
 Drank the pure nectar, which inspired his themes.
 His work ‘ Creation,’ so sublime, refined,
 Flowed from petitions to the God of mind.

So, too, to Painting’s imitative art
 Religion’s truths poetic charms impart ;
 They give the pencil inspiration bright,
 And make each picture shine with living light.
 The painted canvass never brighter glows,
 Than when the sacred Muse her touch bestows.

At Sculpture look. Greece in her palmy day
 Could to the marble almost life convey.
 Such strange perfection o’er her works is thrown,
 That beauty seems to live and breathe in stone.

We view, with ecstasy and wonder joined,
 ‘ The faultless statue which enchants mankind ; ’
 But trace no sentiment on which to dwell,
 Save what mythology and genius tell.
 But when the immortal Michael Angelo,
 Who searched the Scriptures heavenly truths to know,
 Graced with those radiant truths that work sublime,
 His Moses, which defies the hand of time ;
 The Poesy of Sculpture then he wrought,
 A marble form, instinct with powerful thought.
 Egypt’s drowned hosts, and Israel’s triumph’s glad,
 Her fiery pillar, and her wanderings sad,
 Her wondrous code, and Sinai’s thunders grand,
 Embodied, in that glorious statue stand ;
 Nor do we wonder, as this work we scan,
 That, striking it, he cried, ‘ Speak, for you can ! ’

Nor can we fail with rapture to admire
 The rich poetic garlands, that attire
 The sacred walls by Architecture reared,
 In every realm where Jesus is revered.

Greece had her Parthenon, a model grand,
 The wonder and the praise of every land ;
 But cold, as marble, is the faultless fane ;
 Its columns, walls, and pediments contain
 Nothing of lofty sentiment or love,
 Naught but Minerva's rites, and acts of Jove.
 More splendid Parthenons Religion boasts,
 And gloriously they shine on England's coasts.
 Mark her Cathedrals, Gothic, holy forms,
 Surviving centuries of scoffs and storms ;
 Mark well their solemn grandeur, spacious naves,
 Receding mouldings, and dark architraves ;
 Their massive buttresses, and lofty vaults,
 Their awful vastness, which the soul exalts ;
 Their clustered columns, windows richly dight
 With mullions, tracery, and colored light ;
 Their frowning battlements, heaven-piercing spires,
 That catch the sunbeam's last and earliest fires ;
 Those wondrous fanes embody truths divine,
 And seem for Deity a fitting shrine.
 Tread a Cathedral's aisles ; each step you've trod
 Has waked conviction of a present God.

Gaze on its outward form ; all leads the eye
 Onwards and upwards to His throne on high.
 Such temples shine in truth's effulgent rays,
 Poems in stone ; hymns to a Saviour's praise.

Search *Nature* through in every various scene,
 For sacred beauty shines in all her mien.
 With holy truth all places are combined ;
 All Nature's works are with the Scriptures joined ;
 And beauty's self more dazzling lustre shows,
 When radiance o'er her inspiration throws.
 We view with deepest awe the mountain's height ;
 But when the Scriptures say that, in affright,
 They all shall bow in homage to high Heaven,
 And that the strength and glory to them given,
 Show to God's faithful his protecting care
 Midst every danger, evil, fear, and snare ;
 And when on Tabor's mount the chosen three
 Saw Christ the Lord transfigured gloriously ;
 Then a more sacred interest is shed
 On all the mountains o'er the earth bespread ;

An interest stronger than was ever felt
 By all the bards, who on Parnassus dwelt.
 Each lake to all must brighter, fairer be,
 Since Jesus sailed o'er blue-waved Galilee.
 We love a garden, for our Saviour there
 Held frequent converse with His God in prayer.
 The harvest fields remind us of the scene,
 Where lovely Ruth the scattered sheaves did glean.
 To pastoral life do holier joys belong,
 For shepherds heard the heavenly minstrels' song.
 All Nature has a charm, for Jesus took
 His loveliest pictures from fair Nature's book.
 The rainbow's arch immense, that spans the sky,
 Beaming with hues of heavenly livery,
 Enchants us by its radiance, form and grace,
 But wakes new pleasure, as those laws we trace,
 Which analyze the elements of light,
 And solve the mysteries of that glorious sight.
 But light more gorgeous issues from that bow,
 When *these* sublime, instructive truths we know ;
 That arch is God's handwriting on the sky,
 A pledge, that man no more by flood shall die ;

And forms the crown, as holy prophets tell,
 Of Christ the conqueror of death and hell.
 Hence sweetly does the sacred muse bestow
 New wreaths of glory on that heavenly bow.
 The stars of night shine brighter as they prove
 A sapphire pathway to God's throne above.
 The vision of the angel in the sun
 Another glory for that orb has won.
 Thus sacred truth throughout the star-gemm'd skies
 Provides the Muse a perfect paradise.

Besides, our faith a holy *taste* inspires,
 Love of the beautiful, and pure desires ;
 And seeks, unbounded with untiring powers,
 To find in every thing poetic flowers.
 Like bees, that o'er the enamell'd meadows strive
 To make each plant pay tribute to their hive.
 By Christian truth, to Love, itself, is given
 Enduring charms, which ripen it for heaven ;
 To Hope, bright visions, that can never cloy,
 To Faith, transcendent bliss without alloy.

Go with the Christian to the house of prayer,
 And mark the raptures, which enchant him there ;
 He soars above the earth, its snares and stains,
 To feast on holy love, and music's strains.
 All things within the temple lead his mind
 By pure devotion perfect bliss to find.
 He hears hosannas which the angels sing ;
 Beholds heaven's temple, and its glorious King ;
 And seems to sail upon a blissful sea,
 Refulgent with the hues of Poesy.

Mark the meek Christian, just as he draws near
 The chequered pilgrimage of life's career,
 Expecting, when his soul shall take its flight,
 To change his robes of clay for those of light.
 Then will you see the Muse's magic power,
 Breathing enchantment o'er that thrilling hour.
 She brings the spotless Saviour to his sight ;
 Allures to heaven by visions of delight ;
 Brightens his hopes ; disperses all his fears ;
 Transports his spirits ; wipes away his tears ;

Shows him a brilliant pathway through the skies ;
 And spreads all heaven before his dazzled eyes.
 Thus does Religion bless the saint's last breath,
 And gilds with Poesy the gates of death.

Religion is the bard's sublimest friend ;
 And, when her genius shall his powers attend,
 She will exalt his soul, enlarge his sight,
 And open o'er him countless realms of light.
 Her touch delicious ecstasy inspires,
 And sends through every vein her thrilling fires ;
 With noble themes, expressions strong, refined,
 And fancy's brightest robes, she decks the mind ;
 With choicest truths she seeks the soul to feed,
 And feelings wake, whence glorious thoughts proceed.
 Hence for the noblest poems we must look
 To bards, best nurtured in God's holy Book ;
 Who, with a lofty genius, have combined
 The moral culture of the heart and mind.
 The poet's purest Heliconian rill
 Is that, which softly flows from Sion's hill.

They, who have drank most deeply of that stream,
As poets, stand unrivalled and supreme.

Read the French dramas, brilliant proofs of art,
Which show the workings of the human heart.
Who has surpassed the beauties of Racine,
Whose plays extolled by all the world have been ?
He painted lovely Esther, Persia's pride,
A faithful Jewess, and a Pagan's bride ;
And wrote of Athaliah's dying hour
In strains of wondrous poesy and power.
And hence that play the loftiest critic views
The grandest offspring of the Gallic muse :
And both those dramas, to the Scriptures true,
Show what the strength of holy truth can do.

What German bard with Klopstock's powers can vie ,
Or stands more sure of immortality ?
New life, new spirit, did his works diffuse,
O'er learning's fields, and gardens of the Muse.
He wrote of Christ, and his poetic wand
Spread a new literature throughout his land.

A sacred charm to sympathies he gave,
 And sought his countrymen to teach and save.
 He sang our Saviour's history, and told
 Its truths sublime with imagery most bold.
 Luther's grand version of the word divine
 Gave Klopstock's poem strength in every line ;
 With signal honors were his labors crowned,
 And he, the German Milton, stood renowned.
 Long after Goethe's fame shall fade and die,
 Shall Klopstock grace the heaven of Poesy.

Beneath bright Italy's poetic skies
 See the refulgent orb of Dante rise ;
 Amidst an age of freedom's gloom, he rose,
 When learning's powers were crushed by vandal foes ;
 He rescued letters from oblivion's grave,
 And light, and liberty, to science gave.
 His was the glorious mind, that first could see
 Religion's power for themes of poesy.
 His bold conception, seeking to display
 Man's changeful destiny from day to day,

Lead him through purgatory, hell, and heaven,
 Where saints at last, exalted and forgiven,
 Dwell with Jehovah, whom he boldly paints,
 And all the raptures of the ransomed saints.
 The plan so vast, which his great mind conceived,
 The power, more vast, by which it was achieved ;
 His grasp colossal of all natural stores,
 The blaze of light, which o'er the heart he pours ;
 All clearly show, that in his country, none,
 Like him, such palms of poesy have won ;
 Palms the most glorious, gained midst learning's strife,
 And pluck'd by genius from the tree of life.
 His Comedy Divine, his loftiest song,
 Gave power and beauty to his classic tongue.
 O'er modern Europe's poesy it threw
 A character resplendent, bold, and new ;
 It caused great Michael Angelo's bright fame,
 And gave to Milton his immortal name.
 Hence Dante stands, by all mankind confest,
 The world's *first* sacred bard, his country's best.

High among England's sacred bards is seen
 The gentle Spenser, with his ' Faery Queene,'

Breaking with gallant skill his glittering lance
 In virtue's tournament. His bright romance
 Shows him a soul, commissioned from above,
 To warm the hearts of men with holy love ;
 To check their vain desires, and wing their flight
 Through virtue's pathway to the realms of light.
 The mysteries of his enchantment lie
 In blending sacred Truth with Poesy.

But would we all, with full assurance, know
 The obligations which the Muses owe
 To truths divine, O let us read the page
 Of one, who shone the glory of his age,
 Immortal Taylor, who did ne'er aspire
 To artful rhyme, yet breathed poetic fire.
 Oh let us catch the melody, which floats
 From all his holy, incense-breathing notes.
 His was a lofty soul, that ranged the skies
 And rode sublime along heaven's galaxies.
 Swift, as through air the vivid lightning speeds,
 So flew his fiery car, with fiery steeds.

His soul was a Pierian font, which sent
 To all the world with holy ravishment
 Perpetual streams of liquid, sparkling gems,
 Of rainbow hues for angels' diadems.
 In honied terms he clothed his warnings bold,
 He wrapped round righteousness rich robes of gold,
 And every thought, for sinful mortals meant,
 Served in a vase of flowers, of sweetest scent ;
 He seemed a garden, filled with blooming trees,
 A Christian, fragrant, bright Hesperides ;
 Its winds and sounds were angels' breaths and tones ;
 Its sands were seed-pearls ; diamonds were its stones.
 This was the Shakspeare of Divines : by some
 Most justly called the English Chrysostom.
 Who reads his works, the loudest will proclaim,
 That Faith gives Poesy its brightest fame.

The sacred Muse ne'er takes a loftier stand,
 Nor wears a mien, more radiant, proud and grand,
 Than when her noblest child of song she shows,
 To prove from whence true inspiration flows.

She points to Milton, with triumphant look,
 And grasps with transport his immortal book.
 If Paradise be lost, she seems to say,
 The bard has brought the richest gem away ;
 For Poesy, like that from Milton's powers,
 Was sure the minstrelsy of Eden's bowers.
 The harp, he struck, to all such rapture brings,
 As if some angel made and tuned the strings ;
 His song all songs transcends and shines on high,
 The brightest orb in all heaven's poesy.
 Throughout the empyreal courts he winged his flight,
 And gazed undazzled on the realms of light,
 Like the bold eagle, who, untiring, soars
 Beyond all human ken, heaven's arch explores,
 And leaves all mists, no more on earth to gaze,
 To feast his vision with the solar blaze.
 When the old man divine was bowed with years,
 Alone, neglected, left to sighs and tears ;
 His vision gone, gone all external joys ;
 All sight of vernal bloom, herds, earth, and skies ;
 Then did the Muse, in mercy to his woes,
 Heaven's dearest mysteries to his mind disclose.

She took him to the Seraphim, to know
 Those wondrous truths, with which his verses glow ;
 Pure innocence, angelic love, eternal bliss,
 And all the horrors of hell's dark abyss ;
 His lofty genius nobly to requite
 For loss of fortune, honors, friends, and sight.
 With her, heaven's pathway many years he trod,
 Discoursing freely of the book of God.
 Hence Paradise, in all its bliss he saw,
 Ere ruin followed Heaven's insulted law ;
 Adam's bright glories did his vision bless,
 And Eve he saw in all her loveliness ;
 The arch-fiend's awful form he boldly drew,
 The grandest portrait Poesy e'er knew ;
 The Saviour's glories, which the mind appal,
 The countless evils of man's fatal fall ;
 The morning hymn of praise ; the angels' song ;
 All show what power to Milton's strains belong.
 Well suited to that soul his topics seem,
 And he alone could grasp the wondrous theme ;
 His language, eloquent, is justly styled
 ' The well of English, pure and undefiled.'

His muse 'untwisted all the chains, that tie
 The hidden, burning soul of harmony.'
 This pride of England, and of nature, deemed ;
 This bard, unrivalled, as by all esteemed,
 Fills us with grander views of holy things ;
 Exalts the thoughts ; to Poesy gives wings ;
 And wafts our souls to blissful spirit lands,
 To shout hosannas with the heavenly bands.
 The unmatched wonders of his perfect book,
 Their splendors owe to Siloa's holy brook.

The bards are numerous, whom God's truth inspires,
 And whose oblations burn with holy fires ;
 Who show, by their sublimity of thought,
 The heavenly hopes with which their souls are fraught ;
 And throw a lustre over all their verse,
 Because they sweetly truths divine rehearse.
 Heber, and Keble, Herbert, Cowper, Ken,
 Montgomery, Thomson, Milman, holy men ;
 Wordsworth, and Croly, Hemans, Watts, and Young,
 Pollok, White, Cowley, Donne, loved sacred song.

All this declares, with what exhaustless themes
 Of loftiest poesy, religion teems :
 This shows, that faith the muses will reward,
 And make the Christian the sublimest bard :
 This proves, that all, who costliest wreaths have won,
 Have ‘ built their Pindus upon Lebanon.’

When France once saw the Atheist’s cruel hand
 Crush all the sacred temples of her land,
 And bitter vengeance to each mortal send,
 Who to the idol Reason would not bend ;
 Who hell’s dark gates threw open for a time,
 To desolate her soil with blood and crime ;
 Then did Voltaire assume the poet’s art,
 To seek renown and captivate the heart ;
 The Muse disdained him while he God despised ;
 But when Religion’s holy aid he prized,
 When virtuous sentiment he would display,
 And Christian truth with learning’s charms convey,
 To bless his genius, and his dramas grace,
 The Muse then gave him her divine embrace.

She told him when the path of fame he trod,
 To *bless*, not *curse* a race, redeemed by God.
 The Muse's noble counsel he obeys,
 And hallowed truths were scattered o'er his plays.
 These great concessions from an infidel
 Show that a poet must in faith excel.

Some bards indeed have gained a wondrous fame,
 Who paid no homage to a Saviour's name ;
 Have stalked like Cain, unblushing ; and, thro' pride,
 Have all the powers of heaven and hell defied ;
 Have scorned the walks of holy, humble men,
 To seek vile flatteries from some demon's den ;
 Who to foul lusts have pandered, and would paint
 The basest sinner as the worthiest saint ;
 Who would beguile, by their corrupting charms,
 The purest Christian into Satan's arms ;
 Who would the grossest passions deify,
 And deem it glory infidels to die ;
 Who by their own satanic lusts are driven
 To make men slaves of hell, not heirs of heaven ;

Who the sweet gift of fancy would pollute,
 And turn the human nature to the brute :
 Such bards, like Byron, with enchanting song,
 May wake applauses very loud and long ;
 Because when genius takes a brilliant flight,
 E'en holy men too much admire the sight.
 But Poetry, that is unsanctified,
 The test of time and truth will ne'er abide ;
 If Faith has stamped no *imprimatur* there,
 Heaven on its pages shall no vengeance spare.
 Oblations brought to Satan's fane must die ;
 Those brought to God are blest eternally.

Praise then forever that omniscient Mind,
 Which Nature's laws with beauty has combined ;
 Which over all things lovely hues has flung,
 And the whole world with flowery garlands hung :
 Who, when our wondrous spirits he had made,
 Blest them with fairy fancy's magic aid ;
 And, by this fancy's bright creative power,
 Threw brilliant sunshine over every hour :

Who, when he gave Religion to mankind,
 The precious gift with Poesy combined ;
 And made it like heaven's glorious arch profound,
 A scene of dazzling splendor all around.
 We see its Founder in the orb of day ;
 Its doctrines are the stars along heaven's way ;
 Its mysteries are the boundless depths of blue ;
 Its beauties, sunset clouds of every hue ;
 The myriad-colored mantle of the sky,
 Showing Religion's gorgeous poesy ;
 Its visions are the flitting seraphim ;
 Its music is all Nature's ceaseless hymn ;
 Its mercies are the sunshine, wind, and rain,
 Yielding poetic crops of grapes and grain ;
 Delightful poems for the wise and good,
 Their purest nectar and their choicest food.

Praise Him, who formed the wondrous laws of light,
 Whose rich prismatic splendors bless our sight ;
 Who gave the *Iris*, Poesy, its birth,
 The brightest rainbow that e'er arched the earth ;

The rainbow of the mind, bright fancy's vest ;
The painter's palette, and the poet's crest ;
Which came in mercy with its lovely rays
To gild life's pathway, arch our tearful days ;
Praise Him, who gave this Iris to mankind,
As His handwriting on the human mind.
This gives our souls a boundlessness of view,
A taste for all things beautiful and true :
Resplendent imagery our lives to bless,
With every form and hue of loveliness ;
And such bright visions of the Eternal One,
Clothed with a rainbow on his sapphire throne,
As fit our souls for brighter worlds above,
The realms of beauty, bliss, and boundless love.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LAKE GEORGE.

Written on board the Steamer 'Caldwell,' on Lake George,
July 2, 1845.



SWIFT o'er thy waters, Horicon,
Our gallant bark most gaily glides,
While isles and mountains, verdure clad,
Are passing swiftly at our sides.

All seems a pageant of romance,
A living, brilliant fairy tale,
As if the spirits from above
Peopled this lake, each hill and vale.

Green and translucent are thy waves,
And pure as sacramental font,
Which would baptize with holy love
All who a heavenly spirit want.

Come, all who would the world renounce,
 Come here, your hands and temples lave ;
 Some bright Archangel spans the lake
 To bless with sacred hands each wave.

Rise then, renewed, and look around
 On all that meets th' enchanted eye,
 For Nature here with glorious love
 Has mixed her choicest scenery.

Miss not one scene of Horicon,
 Lose not one virtue of this spot,
 For this is earth's sweet Paradise,
 The foretaste of a heavenly lot.

No wonder that warm Christian zeal
 To God's dear Church thy stream has sent,
 And named thee, to the world's delight,
 Lake of the Holy Sacrament.

For if with holy feelings now
 O'er thy pure breast we peaceful glide,
 Each spot will seem with glory filled,
 And God through life will be our guide.

Blessed be the day that made me know
Thy brilliant scenes and mighty fame,
For peace will ever fill my soul
At mention of thy sacred name.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Written on the Summit of Mount Washington, Wednesday noon,
July 9, 1845.



ILLUSTRIOUS Mountain ! Thou dost stand alone,
The loftiest sentinel that guards our land ;
The glorious image of th' Eternal One ;
The work sublime of his Almighty hand.

On every side, what boundless prospects rise !
What oceans vast of mountain scenery !
What dread magnificence of earth and skies !
What regions of unrolled immensity !

Now raised above earth's cares, and toil and din,
I sit serene, to holy musings given ;
To soar in bliss above this world of sin,
And hold communion with the hosts of heaven.

Right well thy granite pile baptized has been,
In name of one, whose virtues none assail ;
Who towered in glory o'er his fellow-men,
Like thy proud summit o'er the humble vale.

Thy rocks, unhurt, have felt the tempest's power,
And lightnings, harmless, have play'd round thy form.
So too our Washington in war's fierce hour
Did breast each shock, and triumph o'er each storm.

Our Nation's boast ! Mount of eternal stone !
In freedom, truth, and virtue may we stand,
Exalted, like thyself and Washington,
The pride and honor of our blessed land.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Composed there, August 10, 1846.



HARK ! what sounds of mighty thunders !
O'er those cliffs an ocean pours !
Mark its foaming furious surges,
Booming on the rocky shores.

Why is all this awful tempest
Of Niagara's flood so vast ?
Why these hurricanes of waters,
Seeming like destruction's blast ?

Hear the story of these wonders ;
This decree did God proclaim :
' Let the waters here be gather'd
To adore my glorious name.'

Lakes immense, and icebergs melted
From the stormy northern pole,
Babbling brooks, and countless rivers
To Niagara's temple roll.

To that glorious altar move they
Not with slow reluctant pace,
But with eager speed and transport
Rush they to that sacred place.

All their garments beam with splendor ;
Some are whiter than the snow ;
These display a crimson lustre ;
Those, like brightest emeralds glow.

Some are graced with tints of azure ;
Those with amber ; these with green ;
Boundless wreaths of glittering diamonds
O'er Niagara's robes are seen.

Thus the stream, all clothed with glory
To its God with rapture sings,
And the heavenly vaults re-echo
With its awful thunderings.

Then ascend thick clouds of incense,
 Which is borne on angels' wings,
 And o'er earth the richest blessings
 With unbounded mercy flings.

Then did Christ our blessed Saviour,
 For those harmonies so loud,
 Paint the rainbow's radiant beauties
 On the fleecy incense cloud.

There I saw the bow of promise
 As it came from God's right hand,
 And it spread its arch transcendent
 On our own and Britain's land.

Here a Church has Christ erected,
 All these sounds are praise to Him;
 All this stream 's a font baptismal,
 And its drops are seraphim.

These grand cliffs are altars sacred
 To that God who reigns above ;
 All this rush and deafening roaring
 Are but songs of holy love.

All these foaming crystal surges
 Hath a Saviour's mercy hurl'd
 O'er those craggy heights, to christen
 And redeem a fallen world.

It is wise that erring mortals
 Should frequent these wondrous scenes,
 Here to see the God of Nature,
 And to learn what worship means.

'Tis not strange that red men always
 View this spot, as God's dread home,
 And their pipes and beaded wampums
 Humbly offer on the foam.

'Tis not strange that unbelievers
 Here betray remorse and shame,
 And confess our Lord's dominion
 Over cataract and flame.

'Tis not strange that Christian pilgrims
 Here the richest blessings know ;
 Here 's the hem of Christ's bright garment,
 Which, when touch'd, will grace bestow.

These dread scenes portend the judgment,
When in triumph Christ shall come,
With a voice, like mighty waters,
To pronounce earth's endless doom.

Then, O God, in mercy save me
From thine everlasting frown,
That in bliss my ears may hear Thee,
And my eyes behold thy crown.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. — Allusion is made in the fourth verse to the waters which flow over Niagara Falls. They come from those mighty Lakes, or as they may be more rightly termed, inland Seas, Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron, Michigan, Superior, and many others. Lake Superior is four hundred and fifty miles long, one hundred wide, and nine hundred feet deep. It receives constant contributions from about forty rivers. The most distant source, that supplies Niagara, is probably the river St. Louis, which rises twelve hundred and fifty miles north-west of the Lakes, and one hundred and fifty miles north-west of Lake Superior. Now these immense lakes, with their hundreds of rivers, great and small, all of which flow over Niagara Falls, cover a surface of one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and contain nearly half the fresh water on the face of the globe. It is computed that one hundred millions of tons per hour, and thirty thousand tons per second, pass over the Falls. Hence old Father Hennapin, who visited the Falls in 1678, said, 'I could not conceive how it came to pass, that such mighty lakes and numerous rivers should discharge themselves at Niagara Falls, and yet not drown a good part of America.'

NOTE 2. — In verse seventh I speak of some of the robes of the Falls as covered with 'glittering diamonds.' As you stand at a place, called the Platform, on the American shore, near the ferry-ways, the Falls at your side are thrown over the precipice for a long distance beyond you, in perpetual showers

of huge drops, which continue as drops till they enter into the river below, and which, when seen about an hour before sunset, seem like a miraculous and perpetual shower of millions on millions of diamonds and other most brilliant gems.

NOTE 3. — In the 8th verse I speak of the ‘thunderings’ of the cataract. It is supposed that this circumstance led to its name. Niagara in the Iroquois dialect signifies the ‘thunder of waters’ They produce not only a concussion of the air, but a constant trembling of all the adjacent country. So writes a beautiful Poet, —

‘Niagara, as thy dark waters pour,
An everlasting earthquake rocks thy lofty shore.’

NOTE 4. — In verse thirteen I have called the cliffs of Niagara ‘a sacred altar.’ Since writing that passage I have seen the same idea applied to the Falls by another writer. He calls them ‘the everlasting altar, on whose cloud-capt base the elements pay homage to Omnipotence.’

NOTE 5. — The fourteenth verse associates the Falls with our redemption. So some other writer has well said,

‘A Pavilion it seem’d, with a Deity grac’d,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.’

NOTE 6. — The homage of Indians at the Falls is no fiction. Whenever they first see this wonder of our world, they offer at the cataract to the Great Spirit whatever they have valuable about them ; as mentioned in verse sixteenth.

NOTE 7. — I speak of God in the seventeenth verse as ‘over cataracts and flame.’ Beside the unsurpassed wonder of the Falls, there is near them a burning spring, an everlasting lamp of flame, which is kindled by the breath of Omnipotence.

L I N E S,

Written to procure a Carpet for a Place of Public Worship.



SHALL we, who dwell in cedared walls,
And robes of beauty wear,
Who nectar drink from costly cups,
And shine with jewels rare ;
Who sleep luxuriantly each night,
And sweetest viands taste ;
Who deck our floors from far-famed looms,
Whose walls with art are graced ;

Shall we the Church of God forget,
The Church our Saviour loved ;
And see one spot that's desolate,
And sit, like stones, unmoved ?

Can cedared walls and costly robes,
Or diamond's hues be prized,
Or any earthly bliss be dear,
If Zion be despised ?

Come then ye rich, ye bless'd, ye saints,
In gratitude to Heaven ;
And liberally your wealth bestow,
If you would be forgiven ;
Spread a rich covering on God's floor,
To be with reverence trod ;
That Jesus may come there, and show
The footsteps of your God.

THE LITURGY.



I LOVE thee, precious Liturgy,
Next to God's Book of Truth :
Thou art the blessing of my age,
And wast my guide in youth.

I love thee in my closet hours,
When earth is lost to view ;
Thou cheer'st me then with heavenly flowers
Of sweetest scent and hue.

I love thee in the Church, where thou
A ladder seem'st of gold,
On all whose rounds bright angels bow,
And converse with me hold.

I love thee midst my cares and pain,
Solace and health you give ;
Most kindly you my course restrain,
When midst earth's snares I live.

I love thee both at morn and night,
In journeys and at home,
Midst storms and skies of glorious light,
But most when Sundays come.

I bless the saints who framed this book,
By inspiration given ;
Whene'er upon its leaves I look,
They fit my soul for heaven.

MEDITATIONS,

While sick in bed, Communion Sunday Morning, May 3, 1846 :
suggested by my unexpected confinement there, and
the consequent closing of my Church.



Nor in thy Temple, O my God !
Bend I this day my knee ;
Nor lead my people in the prayers
Of our blest Liturgy ;

Nor break to them the Bread of Life ;
Nor pour the sacred wine ;
Nor in the glorious chants and hymns,
With them in transport join.

Like sheep without a shepherd's care,
To pastures strange they roam ;
As if some awful destiny
Had visited their home.

All other streams of healing power
 Their souls will ne'er compare
 With that, which flows from Zion's hill,
 Their favorite place of prayer.

But I, thy sinful servant, Lord !
 Denied thy courts of praise,
 Within my chamber's quiet walls,
 To thee my soul would raise.

Stretched on my couch by thy wise will,
 This sacred spot I'll view,
 As pulpit, altar, and as desk,
 To bring each offering due.

Here, as a Priest, I'll worship Christ,
 My Saviour, Guide, and Rock ;
 And make my couch a church, to bring
 Grace on myself and flock.

Teach us submission to thy hand,
 And greater love for thee,
 Thy courts, thy day, and thy dear Son,
 That Heaven our Church may be ;

Where 'none shall say that he is sick ;'
Where tears shall never flow ;
Where all shall join the nuptial song,
And endless raptures know.

HYMN,

Sung at the Consecration of St. John's Church, Feb. 16, 1848.



WE praise Thee for that love, which, Lord,
To us this House has given ;
And made it, for a course of years,
To saints the Gate of Heaven.

We prayed, when first its walls were reared,
That Thou wouldst take this shrine,
And make it the abode of prayer,
Praise, truth, and love divine.

That solemn prayer we now renew ;
Before thy throne we bend ;
On us, thy sinful worshippers,
Thy Holy Spirit send.

We consecrate this Church, O God,
 With fervent hearts to Thee ;
 From all unholy purposes,
 O, keep it ever free.

Bless thou the altar, where the Priest
 The holiest rites performs,
 And gives the healing blood of Christ
 To mortal, sinful worms.

Bless those who, there confirmed, shall feel
 With faith the Bishop's hands ;
 Bless those, who there love's vows shall seal
 In matrimonial bands.

Send from the pulpit heavenly truths,
 And let those holy be,
 Who from the sacred desk shall breathe
 The blessed liturgy.

Bless thou the Font ; let countless souls,
 There washed, be born again ;
 Bless every seat ; and worshipper,
 This house shall e'er contain.

Bless the rich organ's notes, and all,
Who praises here shall sing ;
And fit us all, O God ! for heaven,
The Church of Christ, our King !

A MORNING PRAYER.



As from my couch I now arise,
And grateful view the earth and skies,
Grant me in all things, Lord, I pray,
Thy glory to consult this day.

At meals, at prayer, where'er I wend,
What hours in cares or joys I spend,
Be it my highest joy and fame
To glorify thy blessed name.

Should dangerous snares my soul assault,
And tempt me to a sin or fault,
Oh, keep me pure in act and word,
Ever to honor thee, my Lord.

Should any sufferer I may see
Need offices of love from me,
Oh, may I gladly show such love,
To glorify my God above.

Should sickness, sorrows, trials, woes,
Befall me ere this day shall close,
With patience may I bear each ill,
And bow submissive to thy will.

Dear Lord, may all my labors be
Begun, continued, closed in Thee,
And all bring glory to thy name,
And give me endless life and fame.

Then when her pall night o'er me throws,
And on my couch I seek repose,
I'll bless Thee that I still do live,
New glories to thy name to give.

FOR A YOUNG PERSON,

LONG THE VICTIM OF DISEASE.

‘It is good for a man, that he bear the yoke in his youth.’

LAM. iii. 27.



YES, blessed Saviour, I am sure it is good
To bear thy kind yoke in the days of my youth ;
Through this, in uprightness, thy servant has stood,
And loved with more ardor the Book of thy truth.

No moments are sweeter, than those, which I spend
Away from the world, in communion with thee ;
When humbly in prayer at thy temple I bend,
Or read in thy Word all thy sufferings for me.

I hear of the world's bright enchantments and joys,
Which daily to sin many thousands allure :
I view all such raptures, as poor idle toys ;
The yoke, which I bear, endless bliss will procure.

But, had not my Saviour this yoke on me laid,
My soul might have lived the sad slave of the world :
Remorse might forever my conscience upbraid,
And guilt to destruction my soul might have hurled.

Then blessed be the yoke, which has hallowed my
course,

To save me from folly, corruption and wo ;
And direct me to look to a heavenly source
For pleasures more glorious, than earth can bestow.

Then teach me, my Saviour, to bow to thy will ;
Let mercy o'er all my afflictions be thrown :
Each duty on earth may I rightly fulfil,
And in heaven, for my yoke, wear a glorious crown.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

‘Holy sage,’ said a youth, ‘I cannot observe all the counsel that wisdom imparts, but if you will give me only three precepts, that you think most important, I will make them in all things my guide.’
‘Youth,’ said the sage, ‘there is an Holy Book, where Faith, Hope, and Charity are taught as these three precepts.’

Eastern Apologue.



THE YOUTH.

A STRANGER, reverend teacher, craves
That three wise precepts may be given,
To guide her bark o’er life’s rough waves,
And safely bear her soul to heaven.

THE SAGE.

Stranger ! with earthly wit alone
No mortal could an answer find ;
But God has made three precepts known,
And thus illumines the darkened mind.

Believe, the Holy Spirit cries ;
In God and in his Son believe ;
From faith let holiness arise ;
Believe, and you shall ever live.

Hope thou in God, not earth's vain charms ;
Hope thou for peace through Christ's dear blood ;
Hope thou for heaven ; there naught alarms ;
There mercies roll in endless flood.

Seek *Charity's* bright heavenly light ;
Be warmed and filled with that pure fire ;
Love God ; and, next, with all your might,
The good of all mankind desire.

Stranger, no more heed earthly dreams ;
Set your fond heart on things above ;
Where bliss crowns every soul, that beams
With faith, and hope, and Christian love.

KING DAVID'S LAMENTATION

OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.



'THOU wast slain on high places,
Israel's beauty and glory !
Veil in sackcloth all faces
For the mighty in story.
Not in Gath tell such slaughters,
Nor in Askelon's streets,
Lest Philistia's proud daughters
Shout in songs our defeats.

Hail, famed Gilboa's mountain !
Hail thy lovely bright field !
Let not dews, rain, nor fountain
Bring you offerings to yield.

On your summit of green,
Vilely cast down and riven,
Shields of princes were seen,
Though anointed by Heaven.

From the spoils of the slain,
From the mighty laid low,
Turned not Saul's sword in vain,
Nor brave Jonathan's bow.
Sweet and lovely in life,
By one soul both were guided ;
Both were slain in one strife,
Nor in death were divided.

Beyond eagles in flight,
On their foemen they rushed ;
Beyond lions in might,
Their fell foemen they crushed.
Israel's daughters, now mourn you ;
Tears for Saul ne'er withhold,
Whose love gave, t'adorn you,
Robes of scarlet and gold.

How the mighty ones fall
Midst the ragings of battle,
The hoarse trumpet's fierce call,
And war's arrows dread rattle !
On Mount Gilboa in glory
Lies our Jonathan sleeping,
With limbs cold and gory,
While all Israel is weeping.

I'm distressed for thee, brother,
My most pleasant, fond friend !
You have loved me ; no mother
Such regard could transcend !
How the mighty, Lord, perish !
How war's weapons decay ;
And all joys, that we cherish,
Are fast fading away.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.



I COME, my dearest father, now,
To bid thee welcome home ;
With timbrels loud, and dances gay,
Thy darling child, I come.

Ammon's fierce children thou hast slain,
And vanquished every foe :
All hail thee, Israel's glorious Chief,
From whom her triumphs flow.

But thou art sad, my father dear ;
I fear thou lov'st me not !
Or dost thou feel some keen disease,
Or dread some traitor's plot ?

Alas ! my daughter ! thou alone
 Hast brought me very low !
 Thy ardent love most troubles me,
 And strikes a fatal blow.

In triumph 'came I from death's field,
 And vowed before high Heaven,
 That to the conquering God of Hosts
 Thank-offerings should be given.

I promised, should proud Ammon fall,
 To offer what should come
 First from my mansion's sacred doors,
 To bid me welcome home.

Yours were the feet, that bounded first
 In graceful dance along ;
 Yours were the lovely lips, that breathed
 The first triumphal song.

Oh, what despair now wrings my soul !
 You must the victim be !
 Naught, from the awful vow I've made,
 Can ever set me free.

Oh, father ! pay the vows you've made ;
 Sheathe here the priestly knife
 Deep in this bosom, warm with love,
 Since God hath saved thy life.

First let me range the mountains round,
 And on their tops bewail,
 For two cold moons, my dreadful fate,
 Then let thy vows prevail.

Those mourning days soon passed away ;
 Then homeward did she fly,
 To breathe the last, the sad farewell,
 And on the altar lie.

Oh, then burst forth keen agony ;
 Father and daughter wept
 In one long fond embrace ; and then
 The fatal vow was kept.

Oh, what a scene midst victory !
 All Israel's daughters cried ;
 And four days they lament, each year,
 The virgin, who thus died.

HYMN TO OUR SAVIOUR.

Translated from the Latin Prayer Book, used by the Monks of
the order of St. Augustine, at the Chapel of the
Convent of St. Bernard, on the Alps.



Oh, blessed Lord Jesus, this prayer wilt thou hear?
When my lips shall pronounce their last word,
May that word be thy name, most precious and dear,
Breathed in faith, and in Paradise heard.

I pray, gracious Lord, that the last food I eat,
Ere this soul from my body shall sever,
May be thine own body, refreshment most sweet;
May it cheer and sustain me forever.

I pray, gracious Lord, when I reach my life's goal,
And a sigh from my bosom shall go,
May it prove the last pain my body or soul
Shall, for ages eternal, e'er know.

Oh, gracious Redeemer, I fervently pray,
That thine own blessed features may be,
When I am released from this prison of clay,
The first object my spirit shall see.

Be ever my guide, blessed Lord, I now pray,
From this land where, an exile, I roam ;
And lead me in safety and rapture away
To thine own blissful heaven, my home.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Translated from the Latin Prayer Book of the Convent
of St. Bernard.



COME, Holy Ghost, with swiftest flight,
Send from thy sapphire throne of light
Some glorious ray to cheer our sight.

Come blessed Father of the poor !
Giver of gifts ! thy mercies sure
To endless ages shall endure.

The world's true light ! thou aye hast stood
Our Comforter, supreme and good ;
Our soul's sweet guest, and sweetest food ;

Our soft repose midst toil and care ;
Our shade amidst the sun's broad glare ;
Our Comforter amidst despair.

Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts now fill ;
Frail man, without thine aid and will,
Feels naught but weakness, guilt and ill.

Cleanse what is sordid in the soul ;
O'er what is dry thy soft dews roll ;
Whate'er is wounded, make thou whole ;

Whate'er is stubborn, soften, mould ;
Warm in thy bosom, what is cold ;
Recall the wandering to thy fold.

Grant us, who trust alone in Thee,
Our Saviour's merits full and free,
To know throughout eternity.

Grant us salvation, when we die ;
Then grant us endless bliss on high ;
Lord ! hear my prayer ; accept my cry.

H Y M N .

Version of the 'Stabat Mater.'



STOOD the Mother, deeply grieving,
Nigh the cross, her tears receiving,
Where did hang her son, our Lord ;
Through whose tender spirit, groaning,
Overwhelmed with woe and moaning,
Pierced an agonizing sword.

Oh ! how sad and how distressed
Was that saint, the ever blessed
Mother of God's only born ;
Who did sigh then, and did cry, when,
As with trembling, she did spy then
Her fam'd child by tortures torn.

Who'd not weep with tears unsparing,
Should he see Christ's mother, bearing
Pangs, most horribly severe ?

Who would not with bitter anguish
See the pious mother languish,
Weeping with her Son most dear ?

For his people's sins and errors
Saw she Jesus 'midst his terrors,
To the scourge a cruel prey ;
Saw her Son, beloved and sighing,
Desolate and scorned ; while dying
He did breathe his soul away.

Mother ! Fountain of affection,
Teach me such severe dejection,
That my soul may grieve with thine ;
Warm the heart of me, thy servant,
With a love for Christ, so fervent,
As to please that Lord, divine.

AN INDIAN LAMENT

On the Death of the Sachem Mogg, who perished in battle
at Black Point Garrison, May 16th, 1677.



REST, Warrior, rest ; thy work is now done ;
Our cause thou hast nobly defended ;
Thy soul has away to the Great Spirit gone,
And we mourn, that thy warfare is ended.

Not a bolder in war ever faced a fierce foe ;
And none in the chase did exceed him ;
Always true in his aim, always swift as the doe,
Nor mountain nor stream could impede him.

His genius was lofty, above all his tribes ;
He was born for dread war's wild commotion ;
His name on her temple fame boldly inscribes,
For his conflicts on earth and on ocean.

Our brother is gone, and our spirits now quail;
 There is none to exceed him in glory;
 Our tribes must all cease, for our red men will fail
 To make themselves famous in story.

We groaned, as our sachem received his death-blow
 From the white man, that cruelly hates us;
 Our chase and our lands we must all now forego,
 But a vengeance, more dreadful, awaits us.

Wrap our chief in his shroud; lay his corse in the
 grave;
 Let his gun and his pipe be placed near him;
 And, when he'll awake o'er the far western wave,
 He'll find game and green fields there to cheer
 him.

Let us speed to our home, ere the close of this
 day,
 And repeat to our children our sorrow;
 And ask the Great Spirit to take us away,
 Ere we wake on the woes of to-morrow.

Our chief now we leave on his last field of fame ;
But no monument need we raise o'er him ;
For he leaves on the earth an illustrious name,
And the brave will forever deplore him.

DAILY DUTIES.

Version of a paper written in French, and given by a French Priest to an humble female peasant of Savoy, who allowed a traveller to take a copy of it.



Now remember what I say,
Christian, that you have to-day
Glory to your God to pay ;
Christ to copy and obey ;
Love for angels to display ;
A soul to save, that's gone astray ;
All the body's lusts to slay ;
To God for every grace to pray ;
Grief for every sin betray ;
To Paradise to find the way ;
'To hell's dark borders ne'er to stray ;
Dread eternity to weigh ;

Time's precious value to survey ;
Naught, but what is good, essay ;
Penitence no more to stay ;
Love to neighbors to convey ;
A world to fear, where dangers lay ;
Ffiends to meet in fierce affray ;
All your passions well to sway ;
And perhaps to drop this clay.
And be judged without delay.

C 32 89







